

THE

London Terræ-filius :

OR THE

Satyrical Reformer.

BEING

Drolling Reflections on the

VICES and VANITIES

OF

Both Sexes.

To be Continu'd.

By the Author of *The London-Spy.*

Numb. V.

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London Terræ-filius:

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The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

S Coure Ladies of the Town, if your Pockets be empty, to save your Furbilo'd Scarves from going to Mother *Martin's*, for here comes Mr. *Chuff*, an *Informing Constable*, just dropt from his Garret with his Painted Truncheon under his *Rascal Wrapper*: That very Pious Instrument of our Happy Reformation, not long since had the Honour to be Master of a famous Brothel at the Pag-end of *Salsbury-Court*, where, at the Expence of a Bottle of *Cock-Ale* and a Quattern of *Geneva*, a Man might have had his choice of *Fleet-street Strolers* any Hour in the Day, and the use of a *Sacking-bottom'd* Bedstead into the Bargain, whilst himself would

have stood Cent'ry at the bottom of the Stairs, to have guarded the Avenues, and prevented any surprize from Interrupting his Guests in the old Trade of *Basket-making*; yet of late, having given some of our *Reforming Magistrates* convincing Testimonies of his being a fashionable *Moderator*, and zealous *Suppressor* of all *Vice* and *Immorality*, thro' their great Wisdoms they have cover'd his Infamy with a Staff of Authority, and confer'd upon the Mercenary *Pimp* the Pious Dignity of a *Reforming-Constable*, who now, like a faithful performer of so good a Work, pursues his plausible Undertaking with that indefatigable Diligence, that he is dreaded more by the poor *Punks* of the Town, than ever decay'd *Extravagant* was by his Rich Relations; for where ever he meets a *Stroling Cur-tizan* he hushes her out of the common Road into the next dark Alley, where, if she is not provided with half a Crown out of her Sinful Earnings, she must off with a Pledge, and Trip to the next *Bro-kers* with the *Persecuting Scoundrel* Dogging at her Tail, to receive the unlawful Bribe of the poor Indigent *Strampet*, or else she must be hurry'd before Sir *Tiffany Grim*, and have her Back, for lying upon't, Condemn'd to the severe Pennance of a *Bull's Pisle*, or a *Cat-of-nine-tails*; so that tho' upon the Queen's High-way, she is put into

a Bodily fear, and forc'd to part with her Money, yet God forbid it should be accounted Robbery, since the demand is gilded with the specious Pretence of *Reformation of Manners*. For you must consider, Ladies, in these Pious Times, whatsoever you Earn over the Devil's Back, the *Saints* and their Agitators may, without Injustice, extort from you under the *Devil's Belly*; for were you suffer'd in Peace to enjoy the Fruits of your own Wickedness, it would be thought by the Zealous a Sinful Encouragement of your *Vicious Immoralities*; but if you moderate your Persecution by allowing your *Antagonists* a moiety out of your Earnings, it is but a new way of Commuting for your Sins, in order, for ought I know, to make you better *Christians* than those *Informing Vermin*, who, instead of reclaiming you from your Evil Courses by a Lawful Correction, rather put you upon a necessity of Picking Pockets, and being more Lewd, that the Rogues may Live upon you as Lice do upon Beggars. Pray observe the *Understrapping Magistrate* as he moves along in his *Drab-de-bury Centry-Box*, how Impudently he stares every Woman in the Face, as if he had so ill an Opinion of the whole Fair Sex, as to think them all liable to his Scandalous Authority: And when he meets one in a Mask, how he surveys her Rigging, to see if he can find *Whore*. Writ-
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ten upon her rumpled Furbiloes and Slat-ternly Apparel; and if he happens to espy any Marks of her *Levity* hanging about her, or discovers in her loose Carriage any wanton shews, or symptoms of her *Harlotry*, and is fearful to attack her without some other Proof that may be more convincing, then my Lady had need have as many Eyes as *Argos* to look about her, for otherwise he will certainly dog her till he catches her in some evident Default, by stepping into the noted Dwelling of some eminent Retailer of *Ruff-wares*, or suffering herself in the Street, to be pick'd up and carry'd off to some Neighbouring Tavern, where he will have the Impudence to surprize them, assisted by some Associate, who, tho' the Woman be an absolute Stranger to 'em, will very readily Swear she is both a *Whore* and a *Pick-Pocket*, which terrible Accusation soon frights away her Spark after his Payment of the Reck'ning, and makes him glad to sink down Stairs, and leave his new Mistress to the Pious Usage of the *Reforming Kidnapper*, having now no way left her but, according to the custom of the *Spiritual-Court*, to Commute, or do Pen-nance, that is, to Bribe him, or be Whip'd; so that when once he has thus Captivated a poor Cloven Mortal, Convicted by her own Conscience, he *be-Devils* the silly *Harlot* with his sweetning and souring

fouring till he has empty'd her Pockets, or
 that she Pawns something to the Drawer
 to Redeem her own Liberty, and then he
 turns her Adrift to Whore On for more
 Money against the next time he meets
 with her. After this kind of manner yonder
 Hireling Reformer Stroles about the Town
 with his *Rowling-Pin* of Authority, Pro-
 tecting all such publick Bawdy-Houses and
 notorious Women, who are his constant
 Benefactors, bringing none to Punishment
 but such indigent *Tatterdemallions*, who
 have neither Money nor Cloths that can
 raise a Bribe to pacifie the *Saint-like Mode-*
ration of such a Mercenary *Catchpole*, who
 as he Persecutes the Vicious for the sake
 of Lucre, and not of Righteousness, so
 would he certainly Propagate the highest
 Wickedness for a larger Income, and for
 better Pay would be as Diligent a Servant
 to the *Devil* and his *Angels* as he is at pre-
 sent to the *Reforming Society*. Pray Mr.
Whorehound of a *Thingstable*, now you are
 come so near me stop a little and fling
 away a Minutes Attention upon a season-
 able reproof, which, if you are not Incorri-
 gible, may make you much fitter for that
 commendable Office you are now a Scandal
 to. I would have you to know I set my
 self up for a *Reformer* as well as your *Coney-*
Catching Worship, tho', I thank my Stars, I
 have much more Honesty as well as Ho-
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nour than to pursue, or approve your Disreputable method; for as your odious Practises are Villanous, Unlawful, Barbarous and Unjust, so have you made thereby the very Name of a *Reformer* full as Scandalous as your self. Honest Men Scorn you; Bullies Kick you; Modest Women Despise you; Whores Curse you; Boys Hollow at you; the *Hackney-Coachmen* whip you; the Porters Jostle you; and the Dogs Bark at you; your Old Trade of *Pimping* was a very sorry Life; but the Business of *Reforming*, as you make it, is fifty times more Contemptible; therefore, since you have made your self so Dispicable by Disrobing of *Punks*, and Extorting the Wages of *Sin* out of the scanty Pockets of those Miserable Creatures who purchase their *Money* at the Price of their *Souls*, I advise you, by all means, to seriously remember your past Villanies, that an insupportable mixture of *Shame* and *Sorrow* may bring you, like *Judas*, to a Hanging Repentance; for he that cannot, without Impudence, look an honest Man in the Face, and that has no way left him for Support but to Live unmanfully upon the poor Rewards and sorrowful Gleanings that the most unhappy of all Female Wretches pick up at Random by *Fornication* and *Adultery*. Rather then the Race of *Adam* should ever be dishonour'd with such a sneaking Villain, I would

would Counsel him from my Heart to Die in his own Garters, that the World might be freed from such unprofitable Lumber: Accordingly, Mr. *Reforming Conywobble*, I advise you to make a speedy choice of the same Fate, lest, in a little time your present Trade should fail, and then, ten to one, but what you may now Elect of your own free Will, (if you have not a special care to avoid the Gallows) will become an Act of Necessity.

*He that's Convicted by his Conscience,
And deserves Hanging in his own Sense,
Had better save Jack Ketch the Labour,
And Die more pity'd by his Neighbour.*

Pray, Gentlefolks, make room for yonder Reverend Old Matron, who is handed so Officiously this way by that Dutiful *Lobcock*, her great Loobily Off-spring: Pray be careful to give her way, for if you chance to Jostle her old Bones, or Tread upon her Corns, she will Curse you as bad as she does Rainy Weather. That Meagre Representative of *Grinning Envy* is the Skinny Relect of an Old *Miser*, who has not only left her his Riches but the Curse of *Covetousness* along with it; for she is as Cruel to her *Tenants*, and as Niggardly to the *Poor* as an Old *Whiggish Alderman*; yet she has no more Children to leave it

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to but that one *Tom-doodle* of a Son, who is forc'd to lead her about Town, as a Blind-Man's Dog does his *Mumping-Master*. Should she know that he Spends Three-pence at a *Tavern*, or an *Ale-House*, as her Doating Spouse has left it in her Power, she would certainly Disinherit him; and when she sends him of an Errand to Receive Money, if he happens to be Decoy'd by any of his young Neighbours to fling away Two Pence in Strong Drink, he Talks of nothing but his Mother, and if he be ask'd to tarry, how sadly she will want him, just as a Young Apprentice does of his Master, when he has Stolen an *Ale-House* Refreshment, without leave to Ramble. She hates her *Living Crutch* should be out of her Sight a Minute longer than she knows him to be about her Pecuniary Affairs; and is so Fond an old Fool of her over-grown Darling, that she Feeds him, Night and Morning, with *Sugar-Sops* and *Caudle*, till she has made him as Fat and as Short-Winded as a *Brewer's Dray-Horse*. Notwithstanding the great Boy is upwards of Twenty Years of Age, she keeps him thrice a Day to his *Geneva Bible* and *Assemblies Catechism*, as if he had not been crept above two or three Years out of his *Hanging-Sleeves* into more Manly *Britches*; and has Hatch'd him up under her own Wing after so Effeminate a manner that he behaves himself

himself more like a *Catamite*, an *Eunuch*, or one of those Ridiculous Imitators of the Female Sex, call'd *Mollies*, than like a Son of *Adam*; and at all times stuffs his Womanish Dialect with so much *O dear, O fie*, and *forsooth Mother*, that a Stranger would take him, by his Feminine Deportment, to be some Tall two Handed *Chamber-Maid* Dress'd up in Man's Cloths to make Sport for the Company. Notwithstanding the Maturity of his Years, his over Affectionate Mother is always in such care for him, if he Steps but out of her Presence upon any unknown Occasion, that she cannot take a Nod in her Wicker-Chair, but she Dreams that a Tile has tumbled off a House and Knock'd him on the Head, or that, in Striding over a Kennel, he has fallen upon his Face into the unfortunate Puddle, and has unluckily Drown'd himself: And to make him cautious how ever he ventures to cross the River of *Thames*, or how he comes within the Roaring of *London-bridge*, she always re-minds him, before he goes out, of what a *Gypsie* once told her when he was a Little One in her Arms, viz. *That he would Live to be a brave Man, if he had but the good Fortune to escape Drowning*; therefore charges him, upon her Blessing, not to come near Water. She is so Fond a Parent of her *Ferry Black-Acre*, that she is always stuffing his Ears full of

such Pious Admonitions, and Motherly Cautions against *Prophaness* and *Immorality*, as if her Innocent Dear Child was Viciously Prone, and most Wickedly Possess'd with the Evil Spirit of a *Libertine*; when the poor *Mother-Ridden Cockadilly* is such a Bashful Coward, that he would be fearful to make a Manual approach to the Seat of a Ladies Honour, tho' a pretty Woman should Invite him, lest he should meet with a *Hobgoblin*, or a *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones* under her Petticoats; for the Mother has so Unman'd her great Looby by keeping him back both from School *Literature* as well as *Conversation*, that he can Talk of nothing but *fe, fau, fum*, and the Gyant *Rumbus*, and is so terribly frighted from the Lust of the Flesh by the lamentable Stories his Mother has told him of her own Sex, that he would as soon venture to Kill a *Dragon* as to Kiss a *Maid*; and is ready to run behind the Door if a Woman offers but to Talk to him, as if he was amaz'd, and frighted at those Female Charms which Heaven has Created for our Love and Admiration; yet the Mother is so highly Pleas'd with the Modesty of her Child, at such Ripe Years, that she takes the Simplicity of the Novice as a convincing Testimony of his abounding Grace, and a sure mark of his Re-generation and Election, in which Fanatical Whimsie she is craftily Buoy'd

Buoy'd up by some Venerable Old Hypocrite, who has the Government of her Conscience, and comes once in a Week to administer some Crumbs of Comfort to the Old Dutches, and to Instruct her huge Milkfop in the Knowledge of who was the *Strongest*, and who the *Wifest Man*, which Christian Office, Mr. Doolittle takes care to repeat with all imaginable Constancy, at his accustomed times, because he is sure, whilst the Old Woman Lives, of a good Dinner upon that Day; and is full of hopes, if he happens to survive her, of having a Mourning Cloke, and a few Broad Pieces Bequeath'd him as a Legacy, to reward the *Evangelical Refreshments* she had received from him when she was Living. Tho' she has three Hundred a Year coming into her Old Trunks, which, like Criminals Imprison'd, are Lock'd fast in their Fetters, yet she allows not her Son, *Lampus*, above three Pence a Week Spending Money, looking upon that to be enough to Buy *Apples* and *Gingerbread*, for which admirable Dainties the Gygantic Babe has more a Kindness than for the Manly Delights that are afforded by the Bottle. The Diversion that she finds by the Fireside, when her *Jerry* Possesses one Corner and herself the other, is to *Chum* over the Fragments of some *Fanatical Lecture* that she has remember'd these Forty Years, whilst

whilst her dearly beloved lends his Grave Attention to the *Soul-saving* Doctrine, and wonders how the *Preacher* that first Taught the same was able to dive so far into the *Misteries of Holiness*. Tho' she Tutors her Son as if she design'd him for an *Ideot*, yet she Feeds him like a *Philosopher*, for *Rice*, *Roots*, and Butter'd *Wheat*, are the chief of his Diet; and *Apple-Pye* and *White-Pot* the prime Dainties of a Festival, except upon the Day when the good Man comes to give 'em *Christian Consolation*, and then there is half a Pint of Mull'd *Sack* at his first entrance, and the Table certainly furnish'd with some Voluptuous exceedings. Notwithstanding her *Wealth* and her wonderful *Piety*, she's so abominably *Miserable*, that she Pares her *Candles*, when she thinks them too big, before she Lights 'em, and as she does herself makes her Son and her Maid blow their Noses into the Grease-Pot, on purpose to Cozen the poor Woman that Buys her *Kitchen-Stuff*. If a Relation comes at *Christmas*, or *Easter*, with a design to Dine with her, just before the Victuals is handed to the Table, to be sure she falls to talking of her Sore Leg, or her Issue, in order to turn their Stomachs, that she may save her Eatables. When ever she Buys *Flesh-Meat*, which is but seldom, she Hobbles herself, by the help of her Son, into *Spittlefields-Market*, for fear her Maid should

should Cheat her, where, at a *French Protestant Butchers* she will Buy a piece of an Old Cow that Dy'd of the *Bloodstale* for three Pence a Pound, or a topping Shoulder of *Mutton* for about nine Pence, which her Son Contentedly carrys Home in a Clout, and thinks it no more than his Duty: When it comes to be Roasted, if it yields any Dripping, the first Meal is made of Sops in the Pan, and the *Mutton* is kept Cold for the next Day's Dinner, because she pretends to be so tender Mouth'd, that Hot Meat always burns her Gums: She mightily exclaims against *New-Bread* as wasteful and unwholesome; but the chief reason why she Buys *Stale*, is because she can have three old half Penny Loaves for a Penny: When her Rooms are Swept she will have the Dust flung into the Fire, because she fancies it saves Coals; and always has her *Small-Beer* Tap'd as soon as it comes in, for fear it should waste in the Working. In short, tho' a Rich Old Carrion, she wants every thing that's needful for a Comfortable Life; has all the Shifts of a *Beggar*, all the Nastiness of a *Slut*, and all the Curses of a *Miser*: And since she is Hobbling this way, Handed by her *Filial-Guide*, I'll hallow as loud as a *Merry Andrew* to his Audience, but I'll make her hear my Reprehension, tho' she's as Deaf as an *Adder*. You *Babe of Grace*, the most Dutiful

Dutiful Codshhead of all young Saints, pray hand that *Fanatical Jezabel*, your Mother, a little nearer: So; well done; 'tis a good great Boy: Pray, Madam have a little Patience, I have something to say to you, for your Son's Benefit, and your Soul's Health. Don't you know 'tis *Harder for a Rich Man to enter into the Kingdom of Heav'n than for a Camel to go thro' the Eye of a Needle*? And if so, it must be ten times harder for a rich Woman, especially one like your self, that's as *Covetous* as the Devil. Is it not a shame to your Sex, and a scandal to the bald Crown of such a *Reverend Beldam*, who has so plentiful an Estate, and but one Child to leave it to, that you should lock him up from the Profitable Knowledge of Humane Affairs, and keep him, at Man's Estate, such a Stranger to the World, as if you thought the best way to Establish him a *Dissenter* was to Breed him up in Ignorance? For shame, Madam, withdraw your Miserly Affections from your Heathenish Mammon, and since Providence has bless'd you with a Plentiful Fortune, allow your Son out of it a seperate Competency, that he may not thus Live hovering under the Wing of a Mother, who is always fluttering about him like a Grizly Old Hen about one Chick: Give him his Liberty; let him Live like a Man, and not like a Dog to a Blind Beggar,

Beggar, who is doom'd to lead about his
Starving Master for a few worthless Scraps,
that are but a Scandalous Recompence for
the poor Cur's Servitude: Consider he's
your own Child, and would you be Damn'd
for Breeding him such an undistinguishing
Blockhead, as to be Ignorant of the difference
betwixt a *Learned Shepherd*, and a
Dissembling Wolf in Sheep's Cloathing; and
not to know the vast disparity between the
Church and a *Conventicle*. Come, come,
Grave Lady, reflect upon your Age, and remember
your Riches, and do but be mindful of what a
Misfortune it would be, should you be snatch'd
from your large Possessions to your last narrow
Home, that you should leave no other Off-spring
to Enjoy your Estate, but a Loobily Fool of your
own making. Consider your Time's but short,
the Grave is gaping for you, therefore give him
Money enough in your Life-time to buy so much
Experience, as may be necessary to preserve him
from *Knaves* and *Hypocrites* after you are Dead,
or else the useful Commodity may so rise upon
his Hands, that when the Worms are Master of
you, all the Wealth you have left him may not be
sufficient to purchase so valuable a Jewel: And
when you have thus far comply'd with my Advice,
I would have you Eat well, and Drink well,
be Charitable to the Poor, Kind to your Relations,
and lead a Comfortable

fortable Life for the uncertain Time you have in this World: And if you have a Cordial desire to be Happy in the next, be sure you go Home immediately, down of your Old Marrow-Bones by your Bed-side, Repent heartily of all your past *Fanaticism*, and Conform, like a Good Christian, to the *True Orthodox Church*; and that will be the only way, with the assistance of God's Mercy, for such a Covetous Old *Hypocrite* to escape Tumbling into his Territories who is not only the Father of *Lies*, but the Grandfire of all *Wicked Parents*, who prefer their shining Dross to the Welfare of their Children.

*She who herself Breeds up her Son,
Takes Pains to have the Fool undone:
What greater Shame to God's Creation,
Than Man with Woman's Education.*

Here comes an Honest Conscientious Fellow, who had the best of his Education under that most Excellent Tutor, the *Devil's-Broker*, whose admirable Instructions he has so carefully improv'd, that he can Cozen his Father; Out-wit his Brother, or Cheat his Friend, with e'er a *Canting Knave* in all *Christendom*. I need not tell you his *Religion*, you may guess that by his Character: But as to his Business, he is one of those *City Caterpillars* call'd a *Stock-*

Stock-Jobber, an Avaritious Mortal, that runs Abroad, as the Devil does, Like a Roaring Lyon, seeking whom he may Devour: His continual Enquiry is, How goes Stock? And if that is but Low when he wants to Buy, and does but Rise when he has a mind to Sell, he cares not Three-pence what becomes of Trade, or whether the Nation in General Sinks or Swims, but Laughs at the Sorrowful Looks of Losing Merchants, and Dealing Shopkeepers. He is a Change-Sweetener, that makes it his Business to draw in Young Gallies, and Lives at best, but like a Town-Sharp, who is always Contriving how to Bite the Ignorant, and to take the Advantage of other People's Over-sights: He is the Restless Emblem of a Ship in a Tempest; so perpetually Tumbling and Tossing betwixt Hope and Fear, that in the greatest of his Security he is still in danger of Sinking. False Reports are the very Life of his Dealing; and Insinuating Lies the Knavish Policy by which he Tricks his Bubbles. The uncertainty of his Affairs allow him no Medium between Excess of Joy and Extream Sadness; for he is always either Elevated with extravagant Hits, or Depress'd and Teaz'd with unexpected Disappointments: He exactly shares the Fate of a Common Gambler, who is Cock-a-hoop one hour, and Biting his Nails the next; tho' which of the two is the greater Knave

is something difficult to determine, he that Cozens Fools with *False Dice* and *Foul Cards*, or he that Cheats his Brother Citizens with a *Lying Tongue* and a *Base Conscience*; I think they both ought to shake hands like Loving Brethren, for should they so fall out as that one should presume to say the other is a *Knave*, it would but, according to the Old Proverb, be like *the Kettle's calling the Pot black Arse*. His Skin is stuff'd with all the Ingredients of a *Villain*, yet by Paying and Praying he preserves the Reputation of an *Honest Man* amongst his Neighbours; for if a Citizen does but keep constant to the *Meeting*, and pay his *Debts* in due season, if he Cheats fifty People to get the Money, he shall enjoy the Credit of a Good Man, tho' he's as Wicked as *Lucifer*; for no Man has the Slander of a *Rogue* among *Traders*, but he that is too Poor to answer a Just Bill, and too Honest to Dissemble; but a Man that is able to do both, shall be loudly cry'd up for a true *Protestant Saint*, tho' he has a *Knave* in his Sleeve, and the *Devil* in his Conscience: He is always very busie among the *Change-Brokers*, and is as Constant a Benefactor to those Officious *Sharps*, as a *Whore* is to a *Pawn-Broker*; he is as sure to be met plying in *Exchange-Alley* from Eleven till Two, as the *Fantastical Corn-Cutter*, or his Loobily Son, at the *Exchange-Gate* about the same

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same hours, left he lights of a *Chub*, and then away to the *Tavern* to dispatch Business, where he will Talk so Conscienciously, and Glaver so Demurely, if he has but the Prospect of a Good Bargain, that you would take him by his *Cant*, to be a *Fanatick Preacher*; yet he will sooner pin his Faith, and put more Confidence in a *Bank-Bill*, than in all the *Texts* in *Scripture*. When Affairs go well, he is thinking of nothing but a *Coach* and *Six Horses*, but as oft as the Scene changes into ill-Fortune, he is terrify'd with the Thoughts of *Ludgate Jail*, or a *Foreign Plantation*: His Mind and his Circumstances are so subject to Mutation, that they seldom remain one hour in the same Condition, but are always Rising or Falling, like *Mercury* in a *Barometer*; he is the only Man that can properly be said to be always Labouring between *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, for whenever he accomplishes a Profitable Fraud, he then Conceits himself to be a *Sharp Fellow*, but whenever he finds himself Outwitted by others, he soon changes his Opinion, and thinks himself an *Owl*, because he wanted Foresight: He's so Covetous a *Miscreant*, that if he Spends Sixpence in Company, and no Adventure arises that will gratifie his *Avarice* with a Prospect of Advantage, he is ready to propose *All-Fours* or *Huffle-Cap*, that he may have hazardous hopes of recovering the Trifle he

he has so Idly lavish'd : He never enters a *Tavern*, but with a Project in his Noddle that may make it Profitable, nor ever Drinks with a Friend, but with design to Bubble him; for *Money* is his Aim, and *Fraud* his Talent; and he is never at ease, but when he is putting it in Practice : As well as a *Stock-Jobber*, he's a very forward *Wagerer* ; and is an excellent Contriver for a Barren *News-writer*, for he often makes it his Business to invent Lies, and afterwards, by a Bribe, to get them into some Publick Paper of Celebrated Authority, on purpose to draw in some Credulous *Coxcomb* to Wager that to be true which himself knows to be false. By such sort of Base Subtilities and Fraudulent Artifices he Lives a Busling Life, full of vexing Changes and innumerable Uncertainties, sometimes Up, and sometimes Down, like a Travelling *Mountebank*, or a Town *Strumpet*, till, at last, it is Ten to one but the Unfortunate Event of some unhappy Undertaking, like the Project of *Thoulon*, makes him at once such a *Beggar*, that he is glad to turn *Yeoman* at the *Counter-Gate*, where he may sit like a *Rogue*, as he ever was, and Curse the fatal Disappointment that has stripp'd him of his Vizard, and show'd him a bare-Fac'd *Rascal* to the whole World. But however, since the *Knave* has the Impudence to come just under my Nose, I shall give him my accustomed

customary Salutation, and try if a few reasonable Admonitions will have any Effect upon him. Hark you, Mr. *Jobbernole*, I know you are moving towards the *Change* by the hour of the Day, only you have taken *Time* by the Forelock, that you may consider by the way who you shall Cozen when you come there. Prithee, Friend, lay aside this *Stock-Jobbing* Itch after unlawful Gain; you know the whole *Juggle* is but a *Knavish Trap* to catch unwary *Fools*, a more Pernicious *Cheat* than ever has been put on Foot since the *Royal Oak-Lottery*, manag'd by a Pack of *Crafty Sharps* behind the Curtain; and I am well inform'd you are one of those Honest Men who are let into the Secret. How can you go so constantly to hear that Soul-saving Teacher, *Ezekiah Mumbleton*, and Pray so Laudably in your Dining-Room, up one Pair of Stairs, next the Street, to the good Example, and great Comfort of your whole Neighbourhood, meet twice a Week with your Friendly Society, to Sing *David's Psalms*, to the Praise and Glory of the most High, and yet, after all these Good Works and Holy Performances, return again, as a *Dog* to his Vomit, to your old *Stock-Jobbing Practices* of *Tricking* and *Cheating*. Besides, you have an Honest Trade of your own, if you would but mind it, whereby you might Live Comfortably; get Money without Fraud, and
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Prosper without Oppression ; therefore I advise you, as a Friend, to shake of that Impatient *Avarice*, and other Loose Principles which arise only from a hasty desire of growing Richer than your Neighbours, and not go Sharping about from Company to Company, to take the advantage, in your *Stock-Jobbing* and *Wagering*, of other People's *Zeal*, *Ignorance*, or *Ebriety*, but Reform your Conscience from those *Pucilanimous Knave:ies* that Eclipse your Reputation and make your Friends afraid of you, and learn to deal by Mandkind like a Good Christian, and a Fellow-Citizen, or else your Prayers and your Praises will prove but an unacceptable Sacrifice to the Divine Wisdom, who abhors a *Hypocrite* in his Heart, a *Pharasaical Zealot*, whose Thoughts are diving into the Pocket of his Neighbour, whilst he's holding up his Hands in the height of his Devotion.

*The Knave that only Prays of Course,
And still Cheats on without remorse,
Is but in one thing Just and True,
That is, he gives the Dev'l his due.*

Pray Gentlefolks look about you, for here comes a Female Figure worth every Body's gazing at ; yonder Nimble Footed Madam, you must know, who is Pacing along this way, as if her Legs were in *Trammels*, is
one

one of those necessary Maukins, call'd a *Waiting-Gentlewoman* to my Lady *Dresswell*: I'll warrant she has as much *Pomatum*, or *Hogs-Lard* upon her Face, to hide the sodden Crevices of her decay'd Countenance, as would fry a *Pancake*, puff'd over with *Orangerie-Powder*, till she looks as Pale as a *Miller's Wife* just come from Grinding; having beg'd a *Play-Day*, she is running full Tilt to *Beveridge's Buttock-Ball*, to hop away Six-penny worth of Country Dances, and afterwards to join Jiblets with my Lord *Smivelton's Vallet*, who has promis'd to meet her there: But pray observe the Vanity of the Proud Husie, for tho' the worst of her own Apparel is Fifty times better than ever she was Born to, yet she thought 'em not good enough to Solemnize her *Venerable Sports* upon a *Tavern Chair*, but must have the Impudence to steal out one of her Lady's best Petticoats, as if she thought the Richness of the Silk would add a Gust to the Enjoyment, or that the Polluted Garment, being us'd to the same Sport, might inspire her Sinful Tail with the greater Activity. But after all the Embellishments of Female Art, with what an awkward Grace the affected Slattern behaves herself now she is dizen'd up in the Flames of Quality, just like a *Stage Dowdy*, strutting in Royal Robes to represent a Princess, or like a hired Gobbler, upon a *Training-Day*, lac'd up in Buff,

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and Marching in the Front File of a City Regiment; for her Natural Air is so disagreeable to her Weeds, that she looks as much *like a Sow in Petticoats*, as the other *like a Hog in Armour*; yet she is so nice an Imitatrix of all her Ladies Formalities, that she will no more set her Foot into a wet Room, than she would be seen Abroad with a dirty Pair of Gloves, as if she was fearful the dampness of the Floor would give her *Modicum* the *Chin-cough*: She Copies all her Lady's Vanities with the utmost exactness, and will go out of the *Garden* up Stairs to Exonerate, on purpose to lay her Tail in my Lady's *Cedar Close-Stool*, that she might ease herself like *Quality*, whose *Squeamish Dialect* she is so much addicted to, that as she Monkeyfies their Gestures, so whenever she speaks, she must be Paroting their Language; and will Talk as Impudently of her *Honour* and *Virtue* as if she was a *Dutchess*, when the little she was Born with (which, like the Light of a *Glow-worm*, was only seated in her Tail) had been Sacrific'd long since to some Nasty *Groom*, or *Footman*. Tho' she has nothing to her Fortune but a Closet-full of Old *Cash-offs* fit to swop for *China*, yet she has the Vanity to think, that the Station she is in is sufficient to recommend her to a *Topping Husband*; and Conceits it such a Dishonour to be familiar with the *Cook-Maid*,
that

that she turns the Hip upon her with as much Contempt as if she paid her her Wages; when, perhaps, the *Coachman*, or *Footman*, has had a Fellow-feeling with them both, and can tell you which is furnish'd with the best Conveniency, the *Dressing-Room* or the *Kitchen*. Tho' she disguises her Foretop with a *Black-Lead Comb*, she is of the true Colour for the Sport of *Venus*, for her Hair is Naturally as Yellow as a *Welsh Justice's* Old Riding-Periwig, made at first of nothing but *Goats* Beards, and white *Cows* Tails, and turn'd reddish with the Weather; therefore whenever she Marries, she would make a rare Wife for an Expert *Angler*, because the crooked Ornaments of a Carrot-Belly'd *Cling-fast* are allow'd to make the best Artificial Fly that a *Fisherman* can Bait with. Norwithstanding she is a Slat-tern in most things, she is very cleanly in the following Particular, for tho' by Nature she is almost as Rank as a *Red Herring*, yet, by the help of *Sweet-Bags*, *Orange-Flower-Water*, and *Appoplectick-Balsam*, she so Rectifies the Effluvia that arises from her Sweat-Pits, that she smells as fragrant as a *Perfumer's-Shop* next Door to a *Tallow-Chandler's*, yet she has so Squeamish a Nose herself, that if a *Porter*, in Summer, happens to Knock but at the Door, she can stop her Nostrils, cry twenty *Fohs*, and fancy she smells nothing but Sweaty Feet for an

hour or two after : But my Lady admires her the more for the Tincture of her Looks because herself is a little related to the same Complection. Her chief Business, when at Home, is to Dress my Lady ; Flatter her Perfections ; hand the Chamber-Pot ; help make my Lady's Bed ; and to watch the Chamber-Door when my Lady carries in her he-Cousin to shew him the fine Picture that hangs by her Bed-side ; for which repeated piece of Service she has my Lady's Ear and her Favour, besides now and then a Guinea slid into her hand by the handsome Gentleman, who has the greatest Interest in her Ladiships Affections, and now she is Abroad she wants not a Piece or two in her Pocket to Treat her Spark Generously, if he does her Business Strenuously ; and when, to her great Satisfaction, she has follow'd her Lady's Example, she returns Home, licking her Lips like *Solomon's Harlot*, as if she had done no harm. You, Madam, pray stop your Career a little, I know you are in great haste to be Kiss'd, but a Word with you first ; perhaps I may find a way to take off the Keeness of your Vicious Appetite. Before you move any further, I would have you consider what may be the fatal Consequence of the Sinful Business you are now going about ; suppose your Spark should happen to strike *Venerereal Fire* into your *Tinderbox* of *Iniquity*, how would you do in

a great Family, where so many Eyes are upon you, to extinguish it by a Course of *Physick* without discovery? And if once you are detected in so Scandalous a Condition, my Lady, for her *Honour's* sake, must turn you off to the wide World, lest she brings a Slander upon her own *Reputation*, by keeping a *Whore* so near her: Or if you happen to be so eager at your Sport, that you should both forget your selves, and, thro' Negligence of the Caution given you by some *Bawdy Midwife*, you should prove with Child, wanting a Husband to produce, nothing less can attend the Disaster than Publick Shame and Ruin; for my Lady, tho' she has taught you, perhaps, the way by her own Lascivious Example, yet she will think it beneath her Quality to be your Confident, as you have been hers; what you have done for her she will think no more than your Duty, and will be apt to conceive it a great Presumption in a Servant to follow so very close in the Footsteps of her Lady: You should consider the Tempting Paths of Unlawful Pleasures are only to be trodden by Quality, who have Riches and Honour to cover their *Shame*, and to ballance their *Iniquities*; and that Servants were only created to be *Pimps* and *Confidents* to their Keeper's *Vices*; therefore have a care how you have the Vanity of Copying my Lady in her loose Appetites;

tites; for she that has a Coach and Six Horses may drink when she's a dry, even of forbidden Waters, when it would be Impudence in you to lay so much as a Finger upon the same Fountain. What if my Lady Loves a Lord behind the Curtain, must you conclude from thence, that you may be as Frolicksome with his *Vallet*? No, no, I would advise you to change your Mind, which is easily done by a Woman, and by all means to alter your intended Course; for if either of the Misfortunes I have before mention'd should happen to befall you, the next Unfortunate Step you must of Necessity make, will be from your *Place* to a *Bawdy-House*, to prevent which your only way will be to Chearfully accept of the next Lawful Offer that is made you by the *Butler*, or *Footman*, that when you have once join'd Jiblets, by the Wages you have both sav'd, you may set up an *Ale-House*, or a *Chandler's-Shop*, and Live Comfortably together, till by *Double Scoring*, and *Short Measure*, in process of Time, your Husband may come to sit in the *Church-Wardens Pew*, and your self have the Honour to serve God among the Tun-belly'd Wives of the *Parish-Officers*.

*Women are wondrous Docile Creatures,
To learn the Vices of their Betters.*

*So Apes for their Diversion chuse
The most untucky Tricks we use.*

Here comes an old Wealthy *Limb-Trim-mer*, who, I'll warrant, has pinch'd as much Cloth, in his time, out of the Suits of his Customers, that, had it but all been of a Scarlet colour, would have Cloath'd a Regiment. That Splenitick old *Remnant-Saver* is one of the most implacable *Money-Hunters* that ever Dun'd an Unfortunate *Tradesman* before a Shopful of Customers. The highest Satisfaction he enjoys in this World is to plague an *Insolvent Debtor* with unseasonable Importunities. A Fly in hot Weather upon a Gaul'd Back'd Horse is not half so troublesome as that *Adder Tongu'd Fellow* is to those unhappy Persons, whose Circumstances will not suffer them to answer his long Bills, which are never without Extortion equal to the Interest of that *Skim-Devil Knave*, a *Pawn-broking Usurer*: He has such a secret Felicity in Tormenting those that deal with him, and in setting hard upon the Skirts of the *Indigent*; that when they pay him off, he always seems to receive the Money with Regret, to think he has lost the pleasure of Dunning such a long Winded Customer; for his Singular Disposition is so very Vexatious, that he has more delight in teasing a *Debtor*,
than

than in the Reception of a *Debt* ; for he is such an *Astmatical Knave*, that except he has a bad *Pay-Master* to breath his Lungs upon in a Morning as soon as he rises, he Wheezes all Day as bad as the crack'd Drone of an old *Bagpipe* : Tho' he's so very Craving, he's too Rich to want Money ; but is of that Tyrannical and Fretful Temper, that he loves to humour his Pride and his Peevishness in Lording it over those who are any ways Oblig'd to him : He is as well known to the Young Gentlemen of the *Temple*, as the handsome Lads in *Westminster-Hall*, that Sells *Gloves* and *Neckcloths*, and is such an excellent Artist in setting off a *Beau*, that he infallibly Rectifies, by a turn of the Shears, a Sway-back, Hopper-Arse, or Round-Shoulders. At the latter end of the *Term* he is always watching as narrowly in the *Kings-Bench Walks*, as a Cat in a *Coney-Warren*, to Salute his Customers as they come from *Westminster*, in hopes to pick up old Debts, or receive fresh Orders to bring new Patterns, notwithstanding his Knuckles are worn as flat with Knocking at their Chambers to gain Admittance, as the end of an Old *Fidler's* Fingers by digitising his Instrument. Tho' a *Debtor* gives him as many Denials, as a *Coy Virgin* is wont to plague an Importunate *Lover* with, yet, like the Amorous *Coxcomb*, he will still pursue his Earnest Solicitations,

Solicitations, till the Persecuted *Caitiff* is forc'd to Swear at him heartily, and then the *Battle-Ham'd Pinch-Bubble* will go Mumbling from the Door, like an Old *Witch* when a Neighbour has refus'd her a Pitcher of *Butter-Milk*. He is so Cunning an Old *Fox* at the Contrivance of a Bill, that neither his *Lawyer* or his *Apothecary* are able to keep pace with him, for they never settle Accounts, but he brings them always into his Debt, and will Exhibit more Articles for making a Suit of Cloaths, than an *Attorney* can for managing a Suit of Law. Some Years since he had bought one Horse towards the setting up his Coach; but *East-India Stock* falling when he was deeply Engag'd, made him sell of the Beast, and retract his Resolution. This is the very Ninth part of a Man that put the Jest upon a *Shoe-maker*; which, being very Remarkable as well as Pleasant, I hope will not be amiss if I rehearse the Story, (*viz.*) This unlucky Shred of a Mortal, and a *Leather-Cutting Knave*, who lives just by him, happen'd, some Years since, to, both of them, have a Good Customer of one certain Gentleman, who, having bought a Piece of extraordinary fine *Camlet*, had sent it to the *Taylor* to be made into a Cloak; and the *Shoe-maker*, who was a Rich Fellow, coming to the *Taylor's House*

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to bespeak a Suit for his Apprentice; chanc'd to find him just finishing the Gentleman's fine *Toga*, and taking a mighty Liking to the sightly Garment, had the Vanity to bespeak another of the same Stuff, and to be Made in every particular exactly like the Gentleman's: The *Taylor* looking upon *Crispin* to be a very Prodigal Fellow in putting himself upon a level with a Man of a Thousand a Year, whose Shoes he made at the same time, went directly to the Gentleman, and inform'd him of the vain Instructions he had receiv'd from his *Shoe-maker*. *Nouns*, says the Gentleman, *send my Cloak to the Pattern-Drawers, and let it be pink'd full of holes all over, through both Out-side and Lining; and besure when you have finish'd his, carry it to the same Place, without his Knowledge, and let it be Cullender'd after the same manner, and then show him both, that he may see you have follow'd his Directions in every Particular, and I'll bear you harmless.* Away goes the *Taylor* well pleas'd with the Fancy; buys the Materials, and falls to Work as Merri-ly as a *Tinker*, and when both Cloaks were finish'd, carry'd them to the *Pattern-Drawers*, according to Order, who was mightily Over-joy'd that such a Fashion was coming up that would prove so Profitable to his Trade. No sooner was his Work

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Completed, and both Cloaks return'd; punch'd as full of holes as a Brass Skimmer, but the Merry *Thief* quitted his Shears, and running to the *Defector* of *Tann'd-Hides*, told him, *That his Cloak was finish'd, and desir'd that he would step Home with him to try it on.* When the Wealthy *Crispin* came to behold his Garment pink'd so full of Hec-holes, he fell at first into a great Passion, till he saw the Gentleman's Cloak most Ornamentally Beautify'd after the same manner, and then he was better pacify'd, but said, *'Twas the most Damnable silly Fashion that ever was invented;* however took his Cloak home, and in a Day or two after pay'd the *Taylor* very Contentedly. The *Sunday* following, it being Cold Weather, he must needs have the Vanity to walk to Church in his New Cloak, which gave the Gentleman an occasion to broach the Story; so that poor *Crispin* was Laugh'd at thro' the whole Parish for a Prodigal Coxcomb, and the Gentleman and yonder *Snip-Cabbage*, his *Taylor*, Commended for their Ingenuity. Come hither, you Old Devourer of *Half-penny Rowles* in a Morning, who, for this Thirty-Years and upwards have furnish'd half the *Peice-Brokers* in Town with Stolen Remnants of other People's Clothing; you whose Conscience is so large that you cannot

cannot make a Gentleman a Broad-Cloth Coat without Cabbaging a Pair of Breeches ; nor write a Bill without foisting in several false Articles for things *in Nubibus* ; and yet if a Customer proves a little backward in Paying, you must follow him about as the *Pig* did *St. Anthony* ; and torment him more with your implacable Tongue, than an old *She Pauper-Clyant* does a *Clark* in *Chancery*, when he is negligent of her Business : How do you expect to find Mercy hereafter, that use so little in this World ? For shame (you that have got Wealth enough by *Cabbage* and *Extortion*) leave off your Trade ; forgive your *Debtors*, as you hope to be forgiven, your Sinful Gleanings are a sufficient Support ; therefore turn off that Scandalous Fellow *Mr. Nettle*, your *Solicitor*, and keep not him and his Family in Good Apparel, for plaguing the *Neceffitous* ; but live Peaceably and Quietly, that you may afford your self leisure to Repent heartily of the *Fraudulent Practices* you have so long continued in, or else, take my Word for it, when the Remnant of your Days is quite exhausted, you will find a worse *Hell* in the next World than that under your Shop-board.

*A Remnant shall be sav'd, 'tis true,
 But that alone Respects the Jew :
 And not the Thieving Pricklouse Knave,
 Who does so many Remnants save.*

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Divertisements.

A Late Famous *Musician* finding the *Diapazon* of *St. Paul's Organ* a little too flat in the *Close* of an *Anthem*, was suddenly struck with such a *Conflict* of Mind, that going home and *Ruminating* by himself about the untunable Disaster, he concluded from thence that all *Earthly Musick* was but a *Crotchet*; so that, with the *Bravery* of a *Bedlamite*, he clap'd a *Mortal Potgun* to his *Musical Ear*, and remov'd himself at once to the *Elysium Shades*, where he hop'd to hear *Harmony* in its utmost *Perfection*.

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